

All I Have is You by TrashmouthAndHypochondriac

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: 1964, Additional Warnings Apply, Angst and Hurt/Comfort, Anymore warnings and it will cause spoilers, Bad Parents Maggie Tozier & Wentworth Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak Loves Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak-centric, Emotional/Psychological Abuse, Gay Richie Tozier, Homophobia, Hurt Richie Tozier, Idiots in Love, Internalized Homophobia, M/M, Minor Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Other Additional Tags to Be Added, Period-Typical Homophobia, Period-Typical Racism, Richie Tozier Loves Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier Needs a Hug, Richie Tozier-centric, Sonia Kaspbrak's A+ Parenting

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Henry Bowers, Henry Bowers's Gang (IT), Maggie Tozier, Mike Hanlon, Patrick Hockstetter, Reginald "Belch" Huggins, Richie Tozier, Sonia Kaspbrak, Stanley Uris, Victor Criss, Wentworth Tozier

Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Minor or Background Relationship(s)

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Summary:

Richie Tozier was a simple kid.

He enjoyed Street Fighter, the occasional cigarette with Beverly, the sound of Eddie's laugh, making his friends happy, Eddie's eyes.

He was a simple kid. He liked it that way. It was less complicated, less stressful. He preferred keeping it all simple. It was better than letting all his demons out.

On the outside Richie Tozier was a simple kid. But on the inside he was a bomb that was seconds away from exploding. All of the secrets he thought he had to hide, all of the fear he felt consumed by, day in and day out, he packed it all away in a nice little box that was threatening to overflow.

1. Chapter One

Richie woke up to the sound of glass breaking, knowing that it was already shaping up to be a shit day. Maggie was drunk, again. Which meant that Wentworth was going to be much worse by noon. Letting out an exhausted sigh, he pushed himself out of bed, fumbling with his glasses as he haphazardly put them on his face.

He had memorized the spots on his floor that creaked, learning to avoid them as the years went on; knowing damn well if he made a sound, his parents would have an excuse to punish him. Silently, he got ready for a day with the Losers, slipping on the cleanest clothes he could find before creeping out of the window. Once he reached his bike and started peddling away from the prison he once called home, he let himself smile. A smile of relief, but a smile nevertheless. He hated the affect that his parents had on him, you'd think after years of neglect he'd be used to it. You'd be wrong.

Every venomous word thrown his way still stung just as much as the first time, if not more so. Hell, at seventeen years old, Richie still felt like the scared five year old hiding in the closet from his parents lethal words. It was sad really, but what was he to do. He couldn't put this burden on the other Losers, not when they all had their own shit to deal with. Though he knew that they'd all be hurt, and a little angry, that he hadn't said anything sooner if they ever did find out. Luckily for him, he wasn't planning on letting that dirty little secret get out.

He rode his old beat up bike through the streets of Derry, until he eventually pulled up to a familiar house. A house where, regardless of how much one of the inhabitants hated him, he had always felt safe. There was just something about the almost sterile aroma in Eddie's room that had brought him so much comfort. When nights at home were rough, he would always sneak through the smaller boys window, careful not to wake up Eddie's mom. She'd have a fit if she knew boys were sneaking into her son's room late at night, she'd have a heart attack if she ever found out that the boy was none other than Richie 'Trashmouth' Tozier. He never knew why Sonia had hated him so much. Maybe it was the foul words that he dared say in front of

her precious angel, or maybe it was the fact that Eddie acted more like a kid than a scared patient with him. Hell, maybe it was the fact that Sonia spotted him kissing some boy last summer, and now saw him as just another 'walking One Way Ticket to Hell.'

It could have been a number of reasons, but he never bothered to ask, nor did he care much. Just as long as he had Eds by his side, who cared what the world thought of him. The only opinion that mattered to him was Eddies.

Now, of course he loved the other Losers, but Eddie Kaspbrak was something special. He swore he could see the galaxy in those big brown eyes. Richie would do anything for that boy, absolutely anything. He'd take the whole Bowers Gang on by himself if it meant protecting Eddie.

After pulling himself out of his thoughts, Richie carefully set his bike down on the sidewalk, before creeping towards the side of the house. He climbed up to Eddies window, tapping on the glass softly, being very careful not to alert Sonia of his presence. The window opened to a very annoyed Eddie, shortly after. "Where the fuck have you been 'Chee, you were supposed to be here an hour ago!" The smaller boy snapped, shooting a glare at Richie.

"You mean you didn't hear me and your mom going at it just a few minutes ago, Eds? And to think, I had her scre-"

"Beep-Fucking-Beep Richie. Let's go, the others are probably wondering where we are. And don't call me Eds." He grumbled, waiting for Richie to climb back down before climbing out of the window himself. Once his feet touched the ground, it was like a switch flipped in Eddie "This is the last summer we have before senior year. Then it's off to college..." He sighed "Do you think we'll all still be friends, Rich?" His voice was soft, his eyes searching Richie's face for any sort of answer.

"Why of course we will, Ol' Chap! I could never stop being friends with ya, Doctor K!" Richie exclaimed, a grin on his face. He knew that he was only using his voices again to help him express genuine emotions, but he couldn't let Eds find that out. No, if Eddie found out then he'd start worrying about Richie again. He couldn't put that on

Eddie. "C'mon Eddie Spaghetti, like you said, the others are probably wondering where we are. Don't want them thinking I spent too much time with your mom."

A smile formed on Eddies lips as he rolled his eyes. Both boys soon hopping onto their bikes, making their way to the quarry. Richie couldn't imagine any better way to spend his summer than this. The boy he loved and his five best friends by his side. They always seemed to make life more bearable.

Notes for the Chapter:

Hey! So this is my shitty first chapter! I have a lot more planned! I don't have an update schedule though. But I promise to update as much as possible. Now, there will be additional warnings added later, since I don't want to spoil the fic. But uh yeah! Hope you enjoyed, leave a comment if you want more!

Also, this is set in 1964. I'm going with King Canon on the timeline.

2. Chapter Two

The rest of the Losers were already at the quarry by the time Richie and Eddie rolled up. Laughter was floating through the air, the sound warming Richie's heart. He never said it enough, but he loved them. They were truly his family, the one constant in his life. It was hard to imagine a world without them, a world without the light they managed to bring into his life.

"Wow, I can't believe you started the party without me! And to think, I thought I was special!" Richie gasped, a smile ghosting his lips as he threw a hand over his chest dramatically. He noticed the way Stanley rolled his eyes, letting out a small chuckle. He saw how both Ben and Bill shook their heads, making room for the two boys. He couldn't help but see how Beverly brightened up a bit when Richie arrived, out of all of the Losers, Bev was the only one that knew about his home life, the others only had their suspicions.

Mike moved to welcome the boys, a goofy grin on his face "Now, Rich, you know that it's not really a party until you get here. So quit the theatrics and come sit down." He laughed, motioning for them to come sit.

Eddie was the first to move, happily taking his place in the circle "Sorry guys, we would've been here sooner, if *somebody* wasn't late this morning." He explained, sending a playful glare Richie's way. God, even then Richie still thought it was the most beautiful sight in the world.

"You know how Mrs. K gets, one taste and she just can't get enough. Maybe you should give me a taste yourself, Eds." He suggested, sitting down next to the boy, throwing his arm over his shoulders "Whaddya say Eds?" He asked, wiggling his eye brows, earning a groan from the aforementioned boy.

"Don't make me 'beep beep' you twice in an hour, 'Chee." Eddie warned, though his voice was filled with amusement. "So, what's the plan for today? Or are we all just going to sit on bacteria covered rocks?" This earned a laugh from the rest of the group, causing Eddie's eyes to go wide. "I'm serious! Do you know what kind of

diseases you can get!? Diseases are everywhere!” He exclaimed, instinctively reaching for the sanitizer that had made its home in the fanny pack he refused to stop wearing.

Upon hearing Eddie's words, Richie pulled his arm away, a pit of self-loathing forming in his stomach, just the way Eddie spoke of diseases made him want to wash the gay away. He wanted to be clean for Eds, not dirty and disease ridden. “Uh, Eddie's right, as much as I love a good circle jerk, we should save that for the last day of summer, not the first.” The shift in Richie's mood didn't go unnoticed by Eddie. He couldn't quite place what had made the the raven haired joker so upset, but something was wrong.

“W-W-Well, Ben had said s-something about a new m-movie playing. Why d-d-don't we go see that?” Bill suggested, looking to the rest of the group, before focusing his attention on Ben, giving him a nod. “Yeah, *A Shot in The Dark*, the new Pink Panther movie!” Ben said excitedly. Though there were a million things Richie would rather be doing, he couldn't help but agree to the movie after he saw the light in Ben's eyes.

“Alright short stack, that sounds like a great idea.” Richie agreed, pushing himself off the rock he had inhabited. After Ben had finally confessed his love for their resident Red Head, Richie had a new found respect for the boy. He had done what Richie only dreamed of doing.

But it was only a hopeless dream. As much as it hurt, he knew he could never tell Eddie how he felt. He knew his feelings were dirty, were wrong. He knew if he ever told Eddie how he really felt, it would ruin their friendship. Eddie would never want to associate with a gay man. That thought hurt him more than anything. He couldn't risk losing his best friend over some silly crush, not when Eddie was the one person who could truly make Richie happy.

Pushing the intrusive thoughts aside, Richie made his way over to his bike “So, are we doing this or what?” He asked, faking his usual enthusiasm, as to not raise the suspicions of the others.

The rest of the group made their way to their bikes, following Richie's lead to the theater. They remained silent, sensing that's what

the curly haired boy needed most.

As much as Richie wanted to pretend, the Losers had guessed that he had it rough. He had come to school with bruises on multiple occasions, he never invited them over to his place, hell whenever he ate, he ate like he hadn't seen food in years.

This made the Losers more protective of the boy, more cautious with certain things. They always made him feel loved and wanted. Because that's what family does.

3. Chapter Three

Notes for the Chapter:

Trigger Warning: Violence in this chapter.

After the movie, the day had flown by. Richie didn't want it to end, but one by one each Loser left to get home. Soon it was just him and Eddie. The smaller boy, who was sat next to him on a park bench, had his head resting on Richie's shoulder, watching the sun set, a smile gracing his lips.

Richie felt his heart skip a beat, as it did whenever Eddie was close to him like this. He was one hundred percent, absolutely in love with the short hypochondriac. Everything about the boy just made his stomach fill with butterflies. He hated himself for feeling this way about his best friend, about his straight best friend. Hell, he hated himself for feeling this way about any boy really. Despite knowing that there was nothing wrong with him for feeling the way he does, Richie still felt ashamed. He had been raised to think being gay was a disease, that being gay was wrong, that he needed to settle down with a nice girl and churn out a bunch of crotch goblins.

Now, Richie did like kids, and sure he wanted some of his own someday, but the thought of being with a woman made him nauseous. It wasn't who he was. It made him sick just thinking about hiding his feeling, but even sicker thinking about coming clean.

He had tried to be with a woman the previous summer, it ended poorly. But at least it got Bowers off his back. Henry had been calling him a queer for a while, only stopping after he saw Richie locking lips with the girl at a party. Now Henry's abuse was aimed towards Eddie.

Richie didn't know what was worse, being called a queer himself, or Eddie going through that shit. No, scratch that. Eddie being tormented by Bowers was way worse than anything that asshole threw his way. He planned to put a stop to Eddie's torment soon. He just had to wait for the right time, preferably when the other Losers weren't around. Of course, he knew this plan was stupid, and he

knew his friends, especially Eddie, would be upset with him for this, but it had to be done.

He couldn't let his Eds get continuously abused by the towns psychopath. He let out a small sigh, earning the smaller males attention. "Everything okay, 'Chee?" He asked, looking up at Richie with big brown eyes that he felt he could just melt in. "Yeah, I'm good. Although we should probably get you home, don't want Mrs. K to have a heart attack." He joked, reluctantly moving to get up.

"Shit, you're right. She's probably worried sick! Last time I was home this late, I came home to the police." He let out a laugh, adjusting his fanny pack, pushing himself up off the bench. He pulled his bike up, swinging his leg over, glancing back at Richie. "You coming?"

Richie gave a nod, hating that this moment had to end. Soon enough, both boys were making their way towards Eddie's house, a peaceful silence settling between the two. Richie, the Trashmouth, actually enjoyed the silence between him and Eddie, it felt more intimate than words could ever be. It was moments like those that he cherished, but moments like those always ended so soon.

He found himself saying goodbye to Eddie, thus concluding a perfect day, which in turn started a hellish night. He knew the second he got home, he would have to face his parents, he also knew that they were most likely drunk and angry that he left. Despite dreading the inevitable fight, Richie made his way home.

He hated the way his heart dropped when he turned onto his street. It wasn't the way he should feel when going home. It wasn't the way he should feel when he thought of seeing his parents. Richie knew this. He also knew that he should love his parents, but instead he hated them. He hated them more than he hated Bowers. More than he hated himself.

With reluctance in his movements, Richie set his bike down by the side of the house, out of sight from anyone passing by, out of sight from his parents. Once his bike was safe, the raven haired boy climbed back into his room, quietly closing the window behind him. He took in the surroundings, taking note of the mess his father had made when he undoubtedly stumbled in there to take his misplaced

anger out on Richie.

He mumbled a small curse under his breath, taking careful steps towards the door. He refused to let his sorry excuse for parents to know he was home just yet, but damn was he hungry. He wanted to make sure that they were passed out, so he could raid the kitchen without worry of getting the shit kicked out of him.

He approached his bedroom door slowly. Though, even with slow and calculated steps, Richie still heard the dreaded sound.

The deafening creak of a floorboard in his previously silent house.

"Shit..." He mumbled, the sound of unsteady footsteps climbing up the stairs soon followed his curse.

"Where the fuck 'ave you been, boy?" He heard his father slur. His heart was racing, fear consuming him. He hated how terrified he was of the drunkard.

Wentworth soon stood face to face with his son, rage in his eyes. "I asked ya a question!" He growled, slapping Richie hard across the face before the boy had a chance to answer him. When the slap hit, something inside Wentworth snapped. He grabbed a fistful of his sons hair, dragging him towards the stairs, soon throwing the smaller male down, watching him tumble as his head hit a few of the steps.

Letting out a chuckle, Wentworth stomped down towards Richie. He kicked the boy hard in the stomach when he tried to move, laughing as Richie coughed and gasped for air.

All Richie could feel was the pain, exploding like fireworks with each blow his father threw his way. He knew better than to fight back, he knew his father would tire himself out soon enough, he just had to stay conscious until then.